

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by
Marvin Dana, author
of "Within the Law,"
from the suc-
cessful play by
Daniel D. Carter



Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fly company.

(Continued.)

Wainwright stiffened himself. "Well?" he inquired quietly. "Your wife, Mr. Wainwright?" Andrew declared, with unconcealed exaltation, "is Maggie Flint. That is her real name. She has been convicted of theft—served time. She was, however, a first offender and was soon freed by influence under a suspended sentence. You will find the facts duly set forth in the criminal records of Chicago."

Now, again, Lucene broke in on the conversation. Her mischievous voice was harsh, high pitched, from anxiety. "But I was innocent!" she cried to her husband. And then to Andrew: "You know I was! Say it!"

"Yes," Andrew admitted without the least reluctance, "that is true. You were innocent."

Wainwright's professional caution compelled a question.

"How can you know that?" Andrew smiled cruelly. He spoke in a tone of placid contentment.

"Why, as to that, it was necessary according to my purpose for her to have a record. I therefore arranged to give her one."

For a few moments Wainwright was filled with fury over this revelation of heartless cruelty against the woman he loved. He looked down again at Lucene and saw that she was staring at Andrew with disbelieving eyes.

"You didn't know?" the husband questioned.

"No, no!" the wife panted. "Why, it is horrible! All that frightful misery—and he did it—and I—I loved him!"

Andrew's face grew tense under the denunciation, and his eyes fell for the first time. But he lifted them resolutely to meet Wainwright's as the latter spoke in crisp interrogation:

"Well, then, just what is your purpose?"

"You are a candidate for governor, but tomorrow will witness your formal retirement from public life forever!"

"You are mad!" Wainwright exclaimed complacently.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Last Menace.

YOUR retirement from public life for all time," Andrew persisted, with sinister enjoyment in the reiteration.

"Come, come, Mr. Wainwright!" he went on, with malignant mockery. "When this little story is published abroad do you suppose the people of this state will have you, a dupe, a laughing stock, for the governor? I think I'll leave you to meditate on the situation. Or, perhaps," he suggested, "you would prefer to hand me now your resignation as a candidate for governor?"

Wainwright was thinking rapidly. "Must you have your answer now?" he demanded.

"I will receive it any time before daylight," the Master Mind conceded. "Suppose we set the time at 5 o'clock this morning."

"That will suit me very well indeed," Wainwright agreed.

"That hour makes a particular appeal to me," Andrew went on smoothly. "It was something less than four years ago, at about the hour of 5 in the morning, that my brother whom I loved sat in a stone cell—waiting—waiting for the dawn, the coming of which should end his life. So, now, I leave you—waiting for the dawn—and me—waiting for the end of something you hold dearer than life. I think—the end of your public career."

Until 5 o'clock, Mr. Wainwright! The Master Mind wheeled quickly and went out of the room.

Alone together husband and wife gazed long into each other's face. He bent and kissed the tender lips. When the caress was done she spoke pathetically:

"Oh, Cortland, darling, what have I done to you?"

"There, there, dearest!" he answered soothingly. "You are not to be blamed in any way, not even by yourself. You were caught in the meshes of a devil. You had no chance against the vindictive sagacity of the Master Mind. Go to the telephone in my study."

Wainwright directed briskly, with the precision of one who has exactly determined his course, "and call up 114—party J."

He kissed her again hurriedly, but very fondly, and put her from him. Marshall returned.

where his wife had left the receiver lying ready for his use, he put it to his ear, and called:

"Is this 114—party J? Yes? Dr. Forbes. You? Ah, doctor, listen! This is important."

Wainwright hung up the receiver at last, and turned to his wife with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well, at least, that much has been arranged," he said. "Dr. Forbes has promised to come over here at once. Thank heaven, now we have a chance to win in this struggle."

"But I do not understand just what you mean to do," the wife exclaimed wonderingly. "You told him that Andrew had developed a strange mania, unmistakable symptoms of insanity; that you wished the man put under restraint for a period of observation. But you didn't tell the doctor the truth. And you will have to do that when he comes."

Wainwright shook his head. "No," he said resolutely. "I shall convince the doctor that the man is mad."

Lucene welcomed the distraction of movement, when Wainwright suggested that they should descend to the library, to await the appearance there of the Blounts, and the later advent of Dr. Forbes. Indeed, the two had hardly more than settled themselves in rather impatient expectation when Marshall entered the room, and behind him trailed Mr. and Mrs. Blount, and their putative offspring, Walter.

At once, when the others were within, Marshall, in response to a gesture from Wainwright, shut the door.

"Look here, Cortland!" Blount stormed, his big voice rumbling hoarsely. "What the devil does this fellow mean by routing us out of bed at this ungodly hour of the night?"

Mrs. Blount, too, and Walter added their querulous complaints.

"Shut up—the lot of you!" Wainwright commanded fiercely.

Wainwright had turned his gaze full on the westerner at the beginning of the outburst.

"You were saying, Mr. Morgan?" he began.

Blount shrank as from a blow, and his ruddy face grew gray.

"Wh—what? What's that?" Wainwright was explicit enough.

"I said, Mr. Morgan—Mr. Henry Morgan, to be exact—alias, Black Hawk."

Blount mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that became quickly wringing wet with the perspiration that had gushed forth at this open mention of a name that made audible all his terror of the law's vengeance against him for many offenses against it. "I have no idea as to what you are talking about!" he answered.

Wainwright smiled with scorn. "Perhaps," he remarked dryly, "your wife may prove more intelligent than you appear to be."

"Me? Why, the idea!" she cried hysterically. "Me? The idea?"

Wainwright regarded the excited woman with eyes in which there was pity. His voice as he addressed her again was metallic:

"Yes, you, Sadie!" The woman winced perceptibly.

"That is a respectful way for you to speak to your mother-in-law, ain't it, now?" she demanded indignantly, with a disdainful toss of her head.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cortland. So you should. 'Sadie, indeed!'"

Wainwright permitted himself another smile.

"Yes, 'Sadie, indeed!'" he agreed whimsically. "I might say Milwaukee Sadie, in fact!"

"Oh, rats!" she cried. And, having so said, she flopped down into a chair which creaked complainingly. Between sobs her voice sounded lugubrious. "And just when everything was going so nice too!"

Walter thrust out his jaw in proclamation of the strong will power he did not possess and essayed a tone of rather haughty remonstrance.

"And just when everything was going so nice too!"

are you going to do with us? Give it to us straight now. There's no use in being about the bush. What are we going to get?"

There came a little lightening of Wainwright's face as he listened. His answer was prompt, but cryptic:

"It all depends."

"Mr. Wainwright, for God's sake, sir, give us the chance!" cried Blount.

"It is not impossible that I shall do so," was the answer. "Certainly I shall give you the chance you ask for—on one condition."

The weather beaten face of the westerner shone radiant.

"It is simply this," Wainwright went on, including the three in a searching glance. "I require the services of all of you just for tonight. I am about to put in operation a plan that will be materially assisted by your co-operation. You three must stand by me to-night. That is all of my condition. Afterward you will be entirely free to go where you will as far as I am concerned, and I shall give no information to any one concerning you, and I shall guarantee the like restraint on the part of Mr. Marshall here, since he has only come in contact with you and learned your identities while in my employ."

Marshall gave a grunt of reluctant assent, but consoled himself by frowning violently at these offenders against the law.

"It is necessary," Wainwright went on in a colorless voice, "that you should stand by me tonight against—him." A slight pause before the final pronoun gave it significant emphasis.

(To Be Continued.)

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

By Leo Page

Pop never got to the movies unless thares a Charlie Chaplin picture sunware, and last nite aftir suppur he sed, Benny, do you happen to no of any yuns man in the house who wood like to go see a Charlie Chaplin picture with me tonite.

Yes, sir, me, I sed.

Awl rite, I no ware thares wun, sed pop. And we went to a movie place were thares sines a big sines saying, Tonite, Charlie Chaplin in the Big Spree.

Ha, I bet that's a funny wun, sed pop. And he went up to the ticket place and gave the man a dime and sed, 2, please.

Awl rite, Jessie James, sed pop. And he gave the man anuthir dime and we went in jest wen they was starting a picture called, Travels in Central Asia.

Who the doose wunts to travel in Central Asia, sed pop. O, well, I gess we will have to sit throo it, bettir times are knuings. The Big Spree, that awt to be a good wun, awl rite.

And we sat down in 2 seats and the Travels in Central Asia kep awn going, beeing natings but rivers and trees and things, and aftir a wile pop sed, in the naim of infinity, is this thing never going to end, wat have I dun to have every bush in Asia wished awt me.

And the Travels in Central Asia keppawn going, and awl of a sud-din it stopped.

Hah, hah, at last sed pop. Wich jest then sump calm awn the screem, saying, Travels in Central Asia, 3rd reel.

Good nite, I'll wate 5 moar minits for this Asiatic nitmare to get itself over, and not a socking moar, sed pop. Wich we sat there about 5 minits moar and the Travels of Central Asia still looked as if it was jest begining, and pop got up, saying, Come awn, this is sum of those times when even payments ceases to be a virtue, and we startid to wauk out slow to give the Travels in Central Asia a chance to stop if they wuntid to, wich they dident, and we went out awl the way wich jest as we had wauked past the man at the door we looked back and heer tharew as printing awn the screem and wat did it say but Charlie Chaplin in the Big Spree.

This way back, sed pop. And he startid to wauk back again, and the man at the door held out his arm, saying, Nuthin doing, you cant wauk in and out of heer any way you feel like, you'll haf to buy 2 moar tickets if you want to go in agen.

O, go to Central Asia, sed pop. And him and me went hoam.

TO RELIEVE

Heat Fatigue

—accompanied by faintness, weakness or dizziness, produced by working in hot, close places, or by exposure to the sun—restore the vitality of the system by renewing the supply of strengthening phosphates of which it has been depleted. Recovery follows the use of

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate

(Non-Alcoholic)

Keep a bottle in your home

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Easy.

"I wish I knew how to get rid of the blues," sighed the old fogey. "That's easy," replied the grouch. "Just stand pat on a pair of deuces."

A Wonder.

With me he always makes a hit. I speak of Oswald Betts. For he's one man who won't admit He earns more than he gets.

Treated.

"Brown says he wants to get rid of the liquor habit, and he is being treated for it," remarked White. "Treated for it?" exclaimed Black. "Why, that's the way he acquired it, wasn't it?"

In His Soul.

He keeps time to a tune with glee. And taps his foot does Bole; And that is why we know that he Has music in his sole.

Mean Brutal.

"My," exclaimed Mrs. Gabb as she looked up from her newspaper. "It says here that human hair is getting dearer and dearer." "I'm glad of it," growled Mr. Gabb. "I hope it gets so expensive that you women will be compelled to grow some of your own."

"Batter Up!"

Dear Luke: Leander was a baseball player, and with May he tried the "squeeze." May's dad, though rusty at the game, soon threw Leander out with ease. —R. E. D. Marion, O.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the age of discretion? Paw—That's when a man begins to realize that he is too old to get married, my son. Maw—Willie, you go down in the cellar and fix the furnace.

Ain't It Queer!

Whenever we start in to save up for a rainy day, The sun comes out, the sky is brave, The clouds all drift away; And it is very, very plain That it will never, never rain.

No Joke.

Luke McLuke says the average woman has between forty and fifty miles of hair on her head. Huh! That isn't a circumstance to the leagues of it she has in her bureau drawer.—Columbia State.

Another Fatal Flash.

Dear Luke: Hungry man, plump; Funeral van— "There he lies!" —Bill.

Names Is Names.

Rob Nichols is a street car conductor in an Ohio city.

Girls, Here's a Chance.

For Sale.—Three mules, three years old and unbroken; also one young man broken to both double and single harness. Inquire at Moores Hill livery barn.—Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Press.

Things to Worry About.

After deep thought the U. S. geological survey has decided that there are 265,956,133,000,000 cubic feet of salt in the ocean.

Our Daily Special.

Trouble loves a gabby man.

Luke McLuke Says:

A man may be a wall eyed boob with a face like a catfish. But you can always please him by telling him what a catch he is am—g the women.

The number of men who know all about the war in Europe is only exceeded by the number of men who do not want to hear them tell it.

Father will spend a whole evening with the Bar Rail Polishers and Nose Paint Destroyers' union and then get up the next morning and complain that overwork and worry are undermining his health.

A man may have some doubts about his wife's talents, but he is always willing to bet you that his dog knows as much as a human being.

Sometimes daughter goes to church in the morning and mother goes to church in the evening because there isn't enough hair in the house to permit both to go together.

A man wants his pants pressed as often after marriage as he does when he is engaged. But after marriage his pants do not get baggy from holding his wife on his knees.

Before he gets her he will find a long, silky hair from her head on his coat, and he will kiss it and keep it in his inside vest pocket. After he gets her he will find one of her hairs on his coat, and he will want a divorce and cuss until the atmosphere is blue.

A princess will spend four solid hours dolling up and primping to keep a date with a fellow. And then, when the fellow suggests that they go to a show, she will say, "Oh, I can't. I look perfectly awful. If I had known that we were going anywhere I would have fixed up my hair and put on something fit to wear!"

A single man has a right to get sore when a holdup man stops him on his way home and relieves him of all his change. But a married man doesn't feel so bad about it. He knows that his wife would have done the job anyway after he reached the house.

It is a wise stenographer who is uglier than the wife of her boss.

The St. Lawrence Trust Co. of Ogdenburg, N. Y., with capital of \$100,000, has been organized.

More than 3,000 patients at Kings County hospital were awakened by a fire that did \$10,000 damage to one of the buildings of the institution.

The Illinois encampment, United States War Veterans, adopted at Rock Island, Ill., resolutions endorsing President Wilson's stand in the Lusitania case.

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN REUCK & SON

AMUSEMENTS

To You:

THE SHOW AT POLI'S IS A

"PIPPIN"

MORE THAN 5,400 PERSONS SAID SO MONDAY, LOOK!

1 A Great Company of Musical Artists

9 WHITE 9 HUSSARS In a Wonderful Vocal and Instrumental Program

2 Max Figman and Lois Meredith in

"MY BEST GIRL" Filmed From the New York Comedy Drama Success

3 "The Singing Cop" and The Piano Fiend HARRY MORRISSEY AND BUDDY EBERLE Bridgeporters "Making Good"

4 The Mirthful Magician With the Lemon Trick JARROW

5 A Real Comedy Novelty Offering THE BRADSHAW

6 Two Pretty Girls in Some Sweet Songs RUTH & KITTY HENRY

7 A Pair of Nifty Boys in Natty Dances PIKE AND CALAME

8 The Very Latest in Comic and Dramatic PHOTOPLAYS

Three Shows Daily—2, 6:45 and 9 P. M.

Doors Open at 1:30 and 6:30 P. M. Matinees, All Seats.....10c

Evenings.....10c, 15c, 25c

COMING—THURS., FRI. and SAT. "THE SPOILERS"

—with— WILLIAM FARNUM

9-BIG REELS-9

YOUR FANCY SHIRTS

GENTLEMEN: TO BE CORRECTLY LAUNDERED SHOULD BE SENT HERE

We'll wash and dry them without shrinking the fabric, place them in our press machines and mould them into shape by pressure evenly distributed. The neckband and cuffs are not stretched by this process. Your shirt not only looks, but fits well.

THE CRAWFORD LAUNDRY CO. Fairfield Av. & Courtland St.

PATENTS

A. M. WOOSTER, Attorney-at-Law

Late Examiner U. S. Patent Office

1115 MAIN ST., SECURITY BLDG., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Send Postal for Booklet on Patents

YOU SHOULD TRY

FRISBIE'S FRESH STRAWBERRY PIES

THEY ARE ESPECIALLY NICE AT ALL GROCERS

Kelly's Cigar Store

141 FAIRFIELD AVE.

The best cigars made in imported and domestic brands. Complete line of smoker's supplies.

JAMES H. KELLY

Feel Young Again

CERTILAX (The Certified Laxative).

Beware of the habit of constipation. Cost the overworked bowels millions back to normal action with CERTILAX, "the certain laxative." It is the favorite prescription of an eminent New York City specialist, selected by five hundred physicians, who have tried out thousands of laxatives and decided upon CERTILAX as the best. They believe in gentleness, persistence and Nature's assistance. CERTILAX opens the bowels; their action is gentle yet positive, never accompanied by gripping or pain. One at night will give positive relief. CERTILAX IS FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES, or will be sent direct upon receipt of price. CURTIS CHEMICAL CO., 117 E. 24th St., NEW YORK. PRICE, 10c, 25c, 50c. One at night makes you right.

Allen W. Blosser, 22, of Cheathamaven, Pa., died in a hospital there as a result of being struck on the head with a baseball while at bat.

AMUSEMENTS

BRIDGEPORT'S MOST POPULAR PLAYHOUSE PLAZA THE HOME OF KEYSTONES

MONDAY — TUESDAY — WEDNESDAY

George Barr McCutcheon's Famous Drama

"GRAUSTARK"

IN 6—POWERFUL PARTS—6 WITH FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN AND BEVERLY BAYNE The Story of a Love Behind a Throne. A Love Menaced on All Sides By Difficulties and Tragedies Its Wonderful Human Interest, Its Thrilling Adventures, Its Scenic Beauty, Grip the Hearts of All SEE IT! IT'S GREAT SEE IT!

"THE GIRLS OF THE ORIENT"

10 People Mostly Girls 10 People Mostly Girls 10 People Mostly Girls 10 People Mostly Girls

MOSCONY BROTHERS

A Dancing Act That Has Made the Vandeville World Sit Up and Take Notice (One of the Boys Is Charlie Chaplin to a "C")

GILSON & DEMOTT

A Potpourri of Songs, Dances and Geniality

LOUIS LEO

"The Man on the Nervous Ladder"

Funny, Fidgety-Footed Charlie Chaplin

In Another of Those Screaming Keystones "GETTING ACQUAINTED"

"THE GOLDEN RAINBOW"

A Delightful "Movie"

Keeney's Empire Theatre

The Home of Paramount First-Run Masterpieces

CONTINUOUS—1:15 P. M. TO 11 P. M.

ADMISSION—ADULTS, 10c; CHILDREN, 5c